

## **Squirrel Nut Zippers "Indian Giver"**

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Well, I've got a friend who lives across town  
Every year when Christmas rolls around  
He gives me my Christmas presents in a paper sack  
Two hours later he wants it back  
He's an Indian giver

I ran to my mamma, I was hollerin' and crying  
She sent me to my poppa and I ain't lying  
He gave me some advice, it sounded all right  
But you know that he took it back later that night  
He's an Indian giver

Gonna write Santy Claus a valentine  
Please Santy Claus won't you be mine?  
When you bring around the presents in a 'leven foot  
sack  
Please Mr. Santy don't take 'em back  
Don't be no Indian giver

Santa, is it really you? Why, yes  
I've been waiting for you all night  
And look at all these presents, are they for me, Santa?  
Ho, ho, hold on a minute now boy

I done check my list twice and you don't get no  
presents  
What list? Don't tell me you're takin' them back  
How 'bout this nice lump of coal?  
Don't tell me you're an Indian giver  
Ho, ho, ho not Santa

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